THE PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. POWEL.

at Oxford, July *the Tenth.* 1682.

3. Aug. 1682.

BY a diſſenting Play-houſe frantick rage,
We the poor remnant of a ruin'd Stage,
Muſt call the very Storm that wrack't us kind,
Since we this ſafe, and pleaſant harbour find:
So ſhipwrack't Paſſengers, if they eſpy
Any kind remnant of the Ship that's nigh,
Embrace with thanks the charitable Oar
That Fate prepar'd, and make towards the Shore.
Our tribe infected with the City fits,
Was ſetting up a Common-wealth of wits,
And ſtill (to make the parallel more true)
Was falling out, and without reaſon too:
Mov'd by theſe broils, which rais'd us ſtill more high,
We made at laſt a real Tragedy.
Old Relique's of th' infection ſtill we bear,
For each man here is turn'd Petitioner.
And to your kindneſs, for the double recruit
Of Wit and Fortune, makes his humble Suit.
Faith 'twas high time to leave the noiſy Town,
When what ſcarce made a ſhow was pulling down.
When Our gay Ribbons, and ſuch uſeleſs things,
Were all condemn'd to make new Bible Strings.
Our ſhort-Jump Canters ſtifly have defy'd
All Rhymes, ſince *David*'s good Burleſquers dy'd;
Have all things elſe but State-lampoons decry'd.
Good Poems they like Holy-water fear,
Becauſe there ſeem's ſome kind of concord there.
Here *Genuine* peace do's ev'ry breaſt inſpire,
And to a general calmneſs all conſpire.
Rebellion, which is there the onely Prize
By which the canting, hot-brain'd *Zealots* riſe,
In this fair Paradiſe dare's not ſhow her face,
As if ſome flameing Cherub kept the place.
So when the Plague Our Climate did infeſt,
And with new-heats the late burnt Town poſſes't;
The fearful Steams (that lodg'd ith' circling Air)
Kept out of ſight, and durſt not enter here.

FINIS.